

TARIFF PICTURES.

During the sixteen months preceding the application of reciprocity to our trade with Cuba exports of domestic products to that island were valued at

\$15,886,355

During the past sixteen months the Cuban reciprocity treaty has been in operation, with the result that our exports to the island have amounted to

\$28,869,263

for the period. Is there any possible excuse for the Democrats to interfere with a system which is working so admirably?

—New York Press.

Hawaii's "Lilly" is not exactly a daisy. Her hatred of foreigners, especially of Americans, was very unwise.

The flag of Hawaii is rather gorgeous, but it is a good deal less handsome and imposing than the flag of the United States.

The Irreverend Sam Jones says that "Cleveland has got a backbone like a circus pole." Hill and Tammany will furnish the rest of the circus.

Adlai Stevenson, erstwhile so garrulous, is suspiciously silent just now. He is in training for the innocuous desuetude that will claim him for its own a month hence.

The grasshopper is no longer a burden in Kansas, now that they have the Populist statesman there. All that is necessary is to stamp a grasshopper on an ox and it is ready to be shipped for beef.

Alabama may not be in the front row of the sisterhood of states, but she has moved up a peg or two by her recent act prohibiting the sale of cigarettes and the smoking of cigarettes in public places.

Mr. Cleveland will never take rank as an artful dodger. He has the disposition, but not the art. His effort to dodge the silver question by getting it disposed of by the present Congress was a dismal failure.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Carnegie will not interfere with Mr. Frick in the management of his great Pennsylvania business. A philanthropist is greatly missed in a business that has grown to such proportions.

How pleased the next Democratic Congress will be to know that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle have kindly taken the work of the legislative branch of the government on their shoulders and propose to frame a "complete" tariff bill themselves.

Senator Hill has one marked advantage in the warfare he has declared against Mr. Cleveland. He is where he can talk without restraint, while Mr. Cleveland, from the trammels of his office, will not be able to exercise the same freedom in talking back.

But the great shame of alleged medical scientists is not that they do not know all about the diseases of their patients. It consists in the fact that they cloud their ignorance under words of learned length and thundering sound which delude only the ignorant.

Binghamton Republicans have nominated for Mayor this spring an unimpeachable candidate in George E. Green, a popular business man and President of the Board of Trade. Factional differences caused the defeat of the Republican candidate for Mayor two years ago, and every Republican in thriving Broome county's chief city should help to retrieve the mistake this year.

ROSECRANS CAMPBELL and Miss Mary E. Cracraft were married at 7 o'clock last evening at the home of the bride in the Southern part of the county by Rev. Whitman.

FIRST YEAR.

MAYSVILLE, KY., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1893.

ONE CENT.



If you have friends visiting you, or if you are going away on a visit, please drop us a note to that effect.

W. W. Ball has returned from a trip in the East.

J. J. Reynolds of Flemingsburg was in Maysville yesterday en route to Cincinnati.

Mrs. A. E. Simonton of Sciotoville, O., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. L. Todd.

Miss Mattie Oldham has returned home after a delightful visit of two months at Manchester.

A. N. and C. T. Huff are at Carlisle today in attendance upon the funeral of Mrs. J. S. Huff.

Oscar Carr has returned to Cincinnati after a week's visit to friends and relatives in this city.

Conrad Bauer and family, who moved here from Ripley some time ago, taking up their residence on Forest avenue in the Fifth Ward, left last night for Cincinnati, where they will reside in the future.



HER REWARD.
He was a six times millionaire
Who sat behind her at the play;
The maid took off her bonnet there;
He married her next day.

JOHN MURRAY was drowned in the Ohio at Louisville.

THOMAS RODGERS of Covington pawned his wife's clothing for whisky.

The Electric is the name of a new building association at Bellevue.

According to the latest statistics there are now 1,409,000,000 humans now on the earth.

HORACE SCOTT, a Louisville millionaire, was robbed of a large sum of money in Indianapolis.

WILLIAM N. POTTS, a prominent mechanic of Madison county, was stricken with paralysis, and died.

HON. JOHN G. CHADDOCK of Burkesville, a prominent lawyer and politician of the Third Congressional District, has moved to Russellville.

The prices of admission to see "Little Women" at the Opera-house to-night will be: Lower floor, 25 cents; balcony, 15 cents; gallery, 10 cents.

Over the lunch counter at the Cincinnati Southern depot at Somerset were sold during the month of January 8,000 pies and 42,800 sandwiches.

"TOOTHPICK BEN," whom many persons in Mayville knew, died a few days ago at Hot Springs. His right name was Colvin and his home was at Hillsboro, O.

The plans of Miss Jo C. Carter of Versailles for furnishing and decorating the Kentucky parlor in the Woman's building at the World's Fair have been accepted.

MISS JENNIE CASSIDY of Louisville, one of the most noted Christian workers in the entire country, is dead. She had been confined to her bed more than thirty years.

In the Maine House of Representatives resolutions were adopted expressing a wish that Mr. Blaine's remains rest in Maine. The Governor was requested to communicate with the family.

REMEMBER, THE LEDGER prints "Help Wanted," "Lost," "Found," and similar notices not of a business character, free of charge. The only thing we require is that the copy be sent in before 9 o'clock on day of publication.

"LITTLE WOMEN" will be seen in our Opera-house to-night for the first time, and those who are fortunate enough to attend will be highly entertained. The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock and the performance will begin at 8.

Four deaths after very brief illness among the students of the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons have created such consternation there that the college has been closed and the students are hurrying to their homes.

"Don't go West," but save your money and buy a home, or make a good investment by taking stock in the 8th series of the Limestone Building Association. Books now open. 80 cents per share.

H. C. SHARP, Secretary.
J. E. Threlkeld, Treasurer.

The Legislature of Ohio has adopted standard time.

The river has commenced to fall at Pittsburgh and the fear of a flood has been subsided.

We imported 13,000,000 bunches of bananas last year. That's a bunch to every family in the United States.

HODGENVILLE is enjoying a building boom. Many contracts for both new residences and storehouses have been let.

The three-year-old child of J. C. Redmond of Bowling Green was given morphine by mistake for Dover's powders. It died from the effects.

THE Lawrence County Republican is in tears over the discovery of the fact that gambling is carried on to an alarming extent among the young men of Louisa.

J. E. TOOLE at the Opera-house to-morrow night in his comedy entitled "Killarney and the Rhine." Seats on sale at Nelson's. Prices 25, 35, 50 and 75 cents.

RICHARD P. ERNST attempted to board an electric car at Covington, but caught his foot in the railing on the platform and was dragged over 100 feet. He was taken to his home badly bruised.

ALEX SIZEMORE, the Lexington groceryman who was injured by the gas explosion in an old fire-cistern last week, died of blood poisoning. He leaves a young wife and several children.

A MISSIONARY, who had spent many years among the savages of Africa without harm, arrived in Omaha the other day and was promptly sandbagged and robbed. He will now return to Africa and enjoy a civilized life.

DON'T fail to attend "Little Women" at Opera-house this evening at 8 o'clock sharp, city time. Doors open at 7 o'clock. There are some seats still left in dress circle and balcony. Street cars will run after the entertainment. Admission 25 cents down stairs. Balcony 15 cents, gallery 10 cents.

Get the Best!

Yesterday's "Ledger" was a good paper, and it will continue to be a good paper throughout the year. It will give you all the news every day at the low price of 25 cents a month, either by carrier or by mail. Now is the time to subscribe.

W. VIGOROUSKY, a Russian Jew peddler, was arrested at Newport for fighting with a rival peddler, who, it is claimed, was infringing on his territory. His rival was a woman. She struck Vigorousky on the nose with a brick, and he was charged with kicking her across the street.

THE Henderson Street Car Company has asked the City Council the privilege of selling electricity for both motive power and for store lighting, the plant to be used in the operation of their cars. It is claimed unless this privilege is granted the street cars cannot be propelled by electricity.

SAM MCKEE stole a wagon in Danville and took it to Lancaster and sold it to Chief of Police Hamilton for \$10. Next day he was snatched from the bosom of his bride of a night and held for trial. McKee claims that he needed the \$10 to pay the wedding expenses and, therefore, stooped to steal.

CHARLES JOHNSON, a shanty-boat man, who had murderously beaten E. E. Waugh with steel knucks at Huntington, attempted to escape arrest by putting out into the river in a skiff. Sheriff Frampton opened fire with a gun and Johnson rounded in. Johnson was fined \$25 and jailed for ten days.

At the World's Fair Grounds in Chicago there is a well equipped fire department. There are stationed on the grounds three steam engines, four chemicals, one truck, one water tower, forty hose carts carrying 36,750 feet of hose, 1,050 hand extinguishers and one fire boat. The department consists of sixty-five firemen at present, and will soon be increased. There are 150 alarm boxes in the "White City."

PUTTING the ballot into the hands of women doesn't appear to have purified politics to any great extent in Wyoming. The other day a woman's club recommended a handsome barkeeper, who goes all the gaits, for United States Marshal, and now it is charged that one member of the Legislature has departed for Florida and another been drugged in the interest of one of the candidates for a seat in the United States Senate.

SKETCHES BY RODNEY

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR READERS
OF "THE PUBLIC LEDGER."

The Tragedy of a Dance-Hall—How Big Dick Plunkett Was Brought to His Sober Senses One Night—An Episode in the Last Days of Bob Ford.

The consternation and horror with which this communication was received at once served to sober—at least in some degree—the reeling, staggering men.

Dick heard it, and the information that a woman, however frail and shameless, had thrown herself for some desperate reason down into this awful, deep, black hole dissipated the fumes of liquor in his brain and aroused him to instant action.

"What's this ye are saying, gal? Who's it that's pitched herself into the shaft?"

The answer came from many voices, "Nellie Russell."

"And who's the — is Nellie Russell, will some of ye tell me?"

All they could tell him of her was that she was one of Bob Ford's dance-hall girls, receiving her share of his bread at the price of her damnation, that was all. Where she came from—what her antecedents? They knew nothing, and cared less. She was only—

"One more unfortunate
Weary of breath—
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death."

Dick waited for no other enlightenment; she was a woman—that was enough. Hastily throwing his coat to one side he shouted: "Fetch me a lantern quick, ye stupid dolt, and let some of ye get a rope. I'm goin' down the shaft after her."

It was then his friends tried to dissuade him from attempting so rash and hazardous an adventure. It was simply courting an awful death—more especially one of his weight—to undertake, at the end of a rope, the descent into the old abandoned shaft—abandoned for years and said to have been dug into the very bowels of the earth by Mexican Indians long before the pale faces penetrated the depths of those hills.

But expostulations and entreaty were in vain. The rope and lantern were produced. Still his friends would have prevented him, but he roughly brushed them away from him. The lanterns, now increased to ten or a dozen, lit up the walls, roof and floor of the shaft-house and caused the frightful hole to look blacker and more forbidding. Before Dick stepped into the bucket to make the descent he turned to the silent, awe-struck crowd around him. "See here, b'ys, I'm goin' down after this poor devil who's murdered herself, do ye see, and I'm damned if I'm aartin if I'll get up agin, do ye see, but faith if I don't I'll want some decent gentlemen—if ye are gentlemen—to take this to my old mother at Syracuse, down in York state. Now ease off the rope."

So saying he tossed upon the floor a miner's belt, to which was attached a bukskin purse, and waving the crowd away slowly and coolly lowered himself down into the shaft. There was no sign of fear upon his face as it disappeared from view—only the serious look of a man intent upon a duty, a duty which he felt had all at once devolved exclusively upon himself, and which he alone of all that crowd was competent and willing to execute.

He had no particular feeling in the matter. A miserable creature—one of Eve's daughters—had taken it into her head to select this method of ridding herself of a hateful life, that was all. She was much better off at the bottom of that awful shaft he reasoned.

Away down in its dark and silent depths, lying in an endless slumber, she would never note the timid, modest and fearful repulsion of sweet souls. But it would never do to leave her so.

Reckless as he was, alike of life and its stern responsibilities, and careless and fearless of the pains and penalties following at its end, he thought within himself that even he would wish his body to have the service of the mass for the dead and whatever unction might be found in sweet incense and lighted tapers.

The stupefying effects of liquor had left him now through the exercise and command of a mighty will power. The real man in him returned and reasserted himself and drove out of the halls and chambers of his heart the company of devilish spirits who had usurped authority and held dominion over it.

Descending into that awful solitude and blackness of the shaft, the tricklings and drippings from the damp walls falling upon his upturned face washed the rope uncoiling slowly from the windlass, down, down, down, to what?—the present left him, and the same retrospective thoughts which held him on the cliff in the gulch that evening at sunset were with him now, sweeping down upon him like a legion of infernal imps to thrust him hellwards through this, their horrid highway.

Occupied with his reflections, the bucket swayed and, coming in contact with the walls of the shaft, the lantern broke into fragments and left him in darkness.

He took no heed of the accident, but went on down, down with his thoughts, while yard after yard of the rope uncoiled and went groaning and shuddering as if with mortal fear into the mysterious pit until it was lost in the impenetrable gloom below.

At last the bucket strikes. In the inky blackness he cannot tell whether it is the bottom or only a lateral shelf in the shaft. He struck a match. It glimmered faintly for an instant, flickered and then went out.

But in that brief space of time he saw her. Saw her lying upon her face, broken, crushed, bathed in her blood—dead. He groped his way to her and took the slight form very tenderly in his arms.

What had come over him? A strange feeling of pity for her filled his heart as he re-entered the bucket and gave the signal to hoist, and slowly ascended, with one arm tightly clasped about her and her crushed face resting on his breast.

Moments seemed weeks to the watchers and workers at the windlass as well as the silent crowd about the mouth of the shaft as the bucket with its additional burden came slowly to the surface. Not a word was spoken as all eyes watched with fearful interest the top of the pit.

Finally a long drawn sigh of relief escaped the anxious crowd of curious gazers as Dick appeared, hatless, almost exhausted, his hair,

face and person covered with mud and slime, holding closely clasped to his heart the mangled form of Nellie Russell.

A wild cheer broke from a hundred throats. He hushed them with a motion of his hand as he stepped from the bucket to the floor and placed his ghastly charge upon a cot.

"Bring a light here," he commanded. The light was given to him. Bending over the dead girl as tenderly as a woman could he brushed the dark, blood-stained hair from her face and then, with a gasp, like a man struck in the breast with a knife, he staggered back with glaring eyes fixed upon her face and his strong right hand clutching at his throat.

The mob of men and women formed a circle all about him, and gazing watched this unlooked for and unusual scene. Finally one asked: "What are you, Dick, old man?"

He slowly backed away from the stained and broken clay before him, his gaze, as if by some all potent fascination, still riveted on her face. An augmented throng hemmed him within the circumference of this ghastly thing like a mad man. "Make way! God help the man who stands foremost! Lave me outside!" he gasped, and breaking through the awe and frightened circle he plunged out into the raging storm.

Men and women still talk of that fearful storm which raged over the canon and buffeted the rock-ribbed mountains and shook them to their base. But they never knew of the tempest raging in Dick Plunkett's breast as he fled out into the wild elements, followed by that dead woman's face.

The crash of thunder and quick repeated lightning bolts; the roar of the storm and wild rushing torrents; the howling wind, seemed like so many pursuing phantoms chasing him back over roads in his past life, strewn with the wreck and ruin of all his hopes and happiness.

A dismantled and deserted home loomed up in the darkness before him and by the vivid lightning's flash he beheld grim ghoul's of dishonor holding high revelry around its hearth, while down another tempest-beaten path he saw the ghost of the dead woman he fled from in the old shaft-house wearily following the trail of a slimy serpent and vainly and hopelessly striving to rescue a golden wedding band encircled about its neck. He staggered on through the darkness and blinding storm of rain, until in his excited and bewildering fancy, he fell at last supremely and in madness over an infant's empty cradle, while the torturing demons of the winds rushed madly through the pines, shrieking "Shame! Shame!"

Morning broke into sparkling rays of sunshine, pure, fresh and clear, as if the storm spirits of the past night had washed them with their rain.

The dead woman was lying in her pine coffin at the undertaker's awaiting burial. Money was to be raised.

Modern Princes of Denmark may moralize over skulls of Yoric and cry "alas," but grave diggers in these days are grossly material in their tastes and ideas, and demand pay for services.

Dick Plunkett had not been seen by any one. There was, moreover, no good and sufficient reason why Bob Ford should defray the expenses of the funeral.

What if she did dance and caper in his hall and contribute to the custom at his bar? Didn't he pay her for it? What if she bartered to Bob and his partner, the Devil, every clean thing in her life and her soul's salvation to boot, while the wretched counterfeit of a laugh or a song parted her lips in ratification of the contract, hadn't his money gone in payment for it all?

So, preaching from this pessimistic text at once, both Bob's eulogy and the woman's funeral, they went their several ways and let her remain at the undertaker's.

What spirit of Bob's "good angel" inspired him just then to do something like a worthy act we cannot conjecture. Perhaps it was the memory of his old, dead mother—who knows? Had he any premonition of his fate that morning when he headed a paper with a gift of \$5 to bury her, and wrote at the top in the language of his Savior—"charity carrieth a multitude of sins"—and went abroad among his class to raise the stipulated sum?

He had at last collected the sum total and turned from his bar—that prolific fountain of murder and suicide—and walked toward the curtains through which Nellie Russell ran seeking refuge in that fearful leap to death, with all the self-satisfied air of one who had well performed his whole duty, when Edward Kelly's shrill rang out on the morning air, and the spirits of Bob Ford and his dance girl stood at the bar of Judgment together.

One evening, sometime after, when the pine trees cast long, purple shadows across the graveyard on the hill, men saw Dick Plunkett standing with his arms folded on his breast gazing pensively on the little mound where they buried her! saw him take from his bosom a cluster of sweet, wild, mountain roses and place it on her grave, and then they knew his secret and their pity followed him as he and the gloaming vanished forever from the gulch.

RODNEY.

THERE are employed in the railway service in Louisville 4,362 men. They work for ten railroad companies, the express, news, telegraph, Pullman companies and the railway Postoffice.

J. E. TOOLE, the German dialect comedian, is ably supported by the emotional actress, Joan Cravan, and a strong company of dramatic delineators. The play is guaranteed to be produced here with the same company and effects as used in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, San Francisco, New Orleans and other large cities. At Opera house to-morrow night.

AN official of the Christian Church was the authority for the statement in Wednesday's LEDGER concerning the probable call of Rev. E. B. Cake to the pastorate of the church. THE LEDGER only stated that Rev. Cake would accept a unanimous call if tendered him. The reverend gentleman's home is at Nevada, Mo., though he has been preaching at Decatur, Ill. Editors who are frequently seen at church should know more about church affairs than editors "who are seldom seen at church," but it seems that they don't. We furnish the news. Now is the time to subscribe.

HARRY W. WILLIAMS of Portsmouth is missing.

The Knights of Pythias of Portsmouth are holding a fair.

A. C. BUCHANAN and Miss Hattie March of Richmond were married at Lexington.

THE Grand Jury adjourned yesterday, owing to the illness of H. D. Watson, one of the members.

REV. W. F. WHITLOCK of Ohio was chosen Permanent Chairman of the Book Committee of the Methodist Church.

MRS. JAMES S. HUFF died at her home in Carlisle night before last. Deceased was a sister-in-law of A. N. Huff of this city.

THE new C. and O. Railway Depot at Central City is very nearly completed. An agent will shortly be placed in charge there.

J. E. FOR, a Warren county man who went to Cooke county, Texas, has disappeared, and it is feared he has been murdered.

REV. W. C. CONDIT has been confined to his house since Sunday with a very severe cold, but is much improved. —Ashland News.

THE boiler-makers of the Newport News and Mississippi Valley road at Paducah struck. Their places were quickly filled.

JOHN BERTHAM, who had his collar bone broken several weeks ago while coasting, is able to be out again, to the gratification of his friends.

THE Mason-Foran Company yesterday presented to the House of the General Assembly their side of the controversy relative to the convict labor lease.

DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL ASA D. CLARK of Louisville complains that his wife left him, taking the proceeds of a house and other property just sold.

AN SKEWER and wife of Louisville surprised the community by producing twin girls on ground hog day. The remarkable part is Mr. Shearer is above 70 years of age. His wife is 40. This is her second marriage and his third.

ATTENTION, S. of V. All members of M. C. Hutchins Camp No. 2, S. of V., are requested to meet at their hall Sunday morning at 10 o'clock sharp to attend services at the Third Street M. E. Church on Union Defenders' Day. By order of WALTER RUDY, Captain. J. L. Todd, Jr. First Sergeant.

JUSTICE HARLAN, the Kentucky member of the Supreme Bench, who is now in England, is a cousin by marriage of President-elect Cleveland. Senator Francis L. Cleveland, a first cousin of Grover, married Justice Harlan's sister long before either Grover or Justice Harlan had much hope of political preferment.

REV. J. B. STEPHENS, Pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Bowling Green, has been honored by being appointed a member of the Advisory Council of the World's Parliament of Religions, along with Gladstone, Cardinal Gibbon, Archbishops Ryan and Ireland and many other eminent religious workers. The Parliament of Religions will be a Department at the World's Fair.

Notice, St. Patrick's.

MAYSVILLE, Ky., February 10th, 1893. The members of St. Patrick's Benevolent Society are requested to meet at their hall this evening at 7 o'clock to make arrangements to attend the funeral of our late brother, Thomas Craven. By order ROBERT BROWN, President.

Thomas Craven Dead.

Thomas Craven, a well-known Irish citizen, died at his home on East Fourth street last night after a long illness.

He was about 61 years old and leaves a wife and three children.

The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon at 1 o'clock from St. Patrick's Church. He was a member of St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, under whose charge the funeral arrangements will be.

Circuit Court.

The indictment against Thomas Horan for carrying concealed weapons was continued until next term.

The trial of Lee Montjoy for murder was continued.

The action against Joseph Bode for selling liquor without license was fled away.

William Price demurred to indictment for shooting and wounding another. Demurrer overruled.

It was ordered that County Clerk T. M. Pearce pay over to C. Burgess Taylor, Trustee of the Jury Fund, \$1,375 25, net amount in his hands.

Come Early.

It is earnestly desired by those having in charge the entertainment at the Opera-house this evening that the audience arrive so as to be seated by 8 o'clock, promptly, at which hour the curtain will rise. It is the first appearance before the footlights of many of the participants, and the interruption caused by late arrivals will serve to distract their attention.

An impression is abroad that there are no good seats left. We are requested to state that about fifty good seats remain in the dress circle and parquette. These seats can be secured at Nelson's. Come early.